## *ALICE CAREY.*

BY P. B. WEST.

A shadow flits across the eastern sky,
Would it were a dim, a transient shadow
Of some rent cloud, urged on by restless winds,
Trailing golden grain, or waving meadow,
Whose umbrage scarce arrests the reaper's eye,
Whose gloom melts not the heart with sympathy.

One more sweet voice is silent—hushed in death;
Trilled were harp and song until lifes gloaming,
Veiled in that twilight, voices soft and low—
Welcome notes of kindred muses roaming;
From out the shadow which death's night has cast,
Shines the bright record of the well wrought past.

Tints of the rose, laurel and myrtle twined,
Flowers of all hues, and bird and leafy bower,
Dewdrops and rills, rocks, mountain glade and dell,
The rainbow painted on the clouds that lower,
These were her walks and talks—lore of the muse,
Whose life and light was formed, love to diffuse.

Voice of the waves that break on distant shore,
Voice of the winds that their wild notes prolong.
The echo of the dashing rivulets
Re-echoing the woods and hills among,
Of her undimmed, unwritten songs will sing,
Who wears the garlands of unclouded spring.